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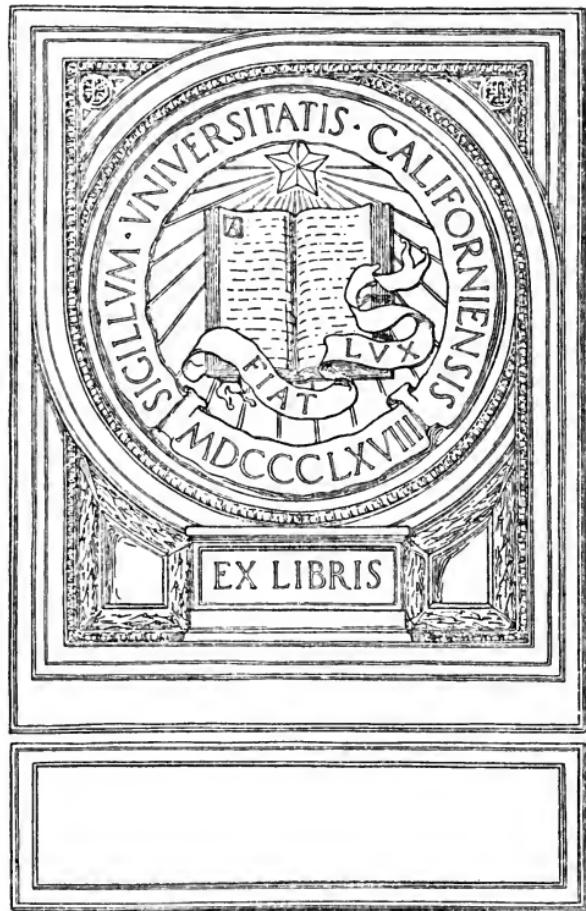
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PRATICAI FAYSONA LAUDONI

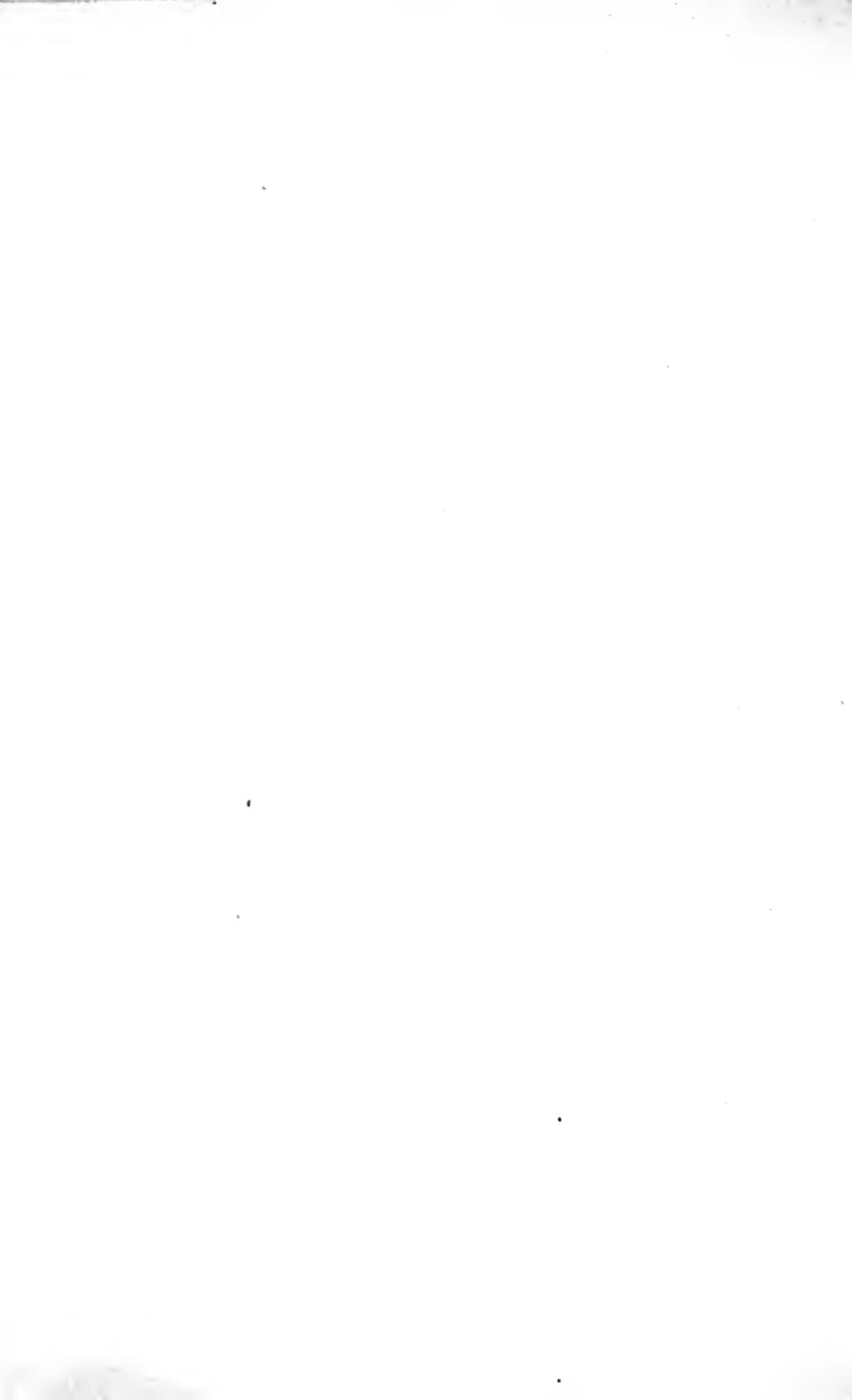


PRATICAI FAYSONA LAUDONI











Peter Newell

“He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;”

NAVTICAL LAYS OF A LANDSMAN

by

WALLACE IRWIN

*author of "THE LOVE SONNETS OF
A HOODLUM," "THE RVBAIYAT OF
OMAR KHAYYAM, JUNIOR," . . .*

**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
PETER NEWELL**



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THE CHILD
HANDBOOK



NAUTICAL LAYS
OF A LANDSMAN



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“ He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;”

FRONTISPICE

“ We bumped right into the Arctic,
Me and me matey, John.”

FACING PAGE 3

“ ‘ The first step’s a slow step, but now here
comes a daisy one,’
He hollered; and what follered showed the
words he spoke was true.’ ”

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“ When down in the slime, without ary word o’
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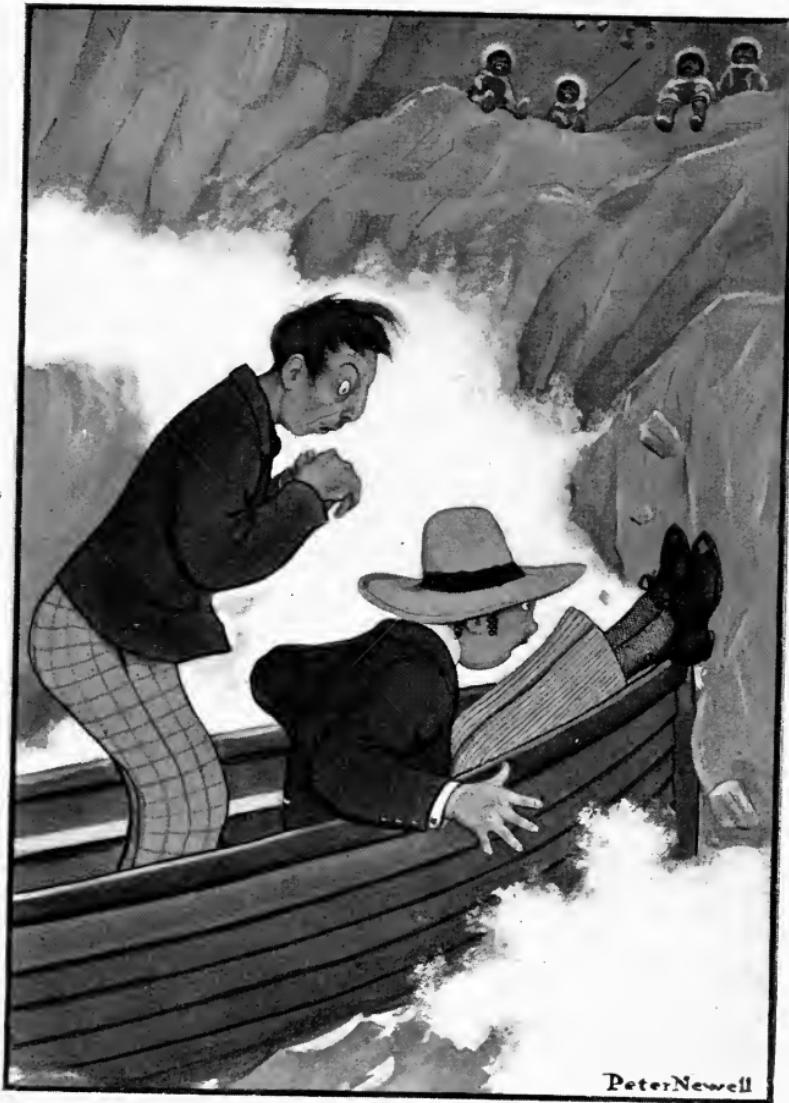
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“ ‘ What is the scent from yon vessel blown?’ ”

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A DASH TO
THE POLE



"We bumped right into the Arctic,
Me and me matey, John."

Mr. Miller
Information



A DASH TO THE POLE



'Twas out on the Archipelago
In the region of the Horn,
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

We bumped right into the Arctic,
Me and me matey, John.
We was near to frizz by the slush and the slizz,
For we hadn't our flannels on.

Who'd 'a' thought that a tried explorer
Would start for the Pole like that,
With openwork hose and summer clo'es
And a dinky old Panama hat?



TO MIMI NAUTICAL LAYS



NAUTICAL LAYS



We could see the Eskimos,
Far out on the ice ashore,
A-turnin' up of their noses
At the comical clo'es we wore.

We could hear the bears on the glaciers
A-laughing kind of amused,
And there we stud in our seashore duds
A-looking that shamed and confused!

The whirl-i-gig Arctic breezes
They biffled our bark abaft,
And the ice-pack shook with our sneezes,
(For there was a terrible draft).

“Friend John,” I yells to me matey,
“Stand ready and warp the boat!”
But I suddenly found that John was drowned,
And me alone and afloat.





I was chilled to the heart with terror
At the loss of me matey, John,
I was chilled to the feet, for I beg to repeat,
That I hadn't me flannels on.

When all of a dog-goned sudden
A peak riz over the sun.
I swear on me soul 'twas the Arctic Pole —
Then what d'ye think I done?

Then what d'ye think I done, sir,
When that pinnacle swung in view?
I done what a wight in a similar plight
With a similar Pole would do.

I swung the hand of the compass
Till straight to the South points she,
And soon I divined that the Pole was behind
And me in the open sea.



I landed next week at Coney
Where I hitched me bark to a post,
Then I fell in a faint from pneumonia
Which I caught on the Arctic coast —

Out there on the Archipelago,
In the region of the Horn,
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

And that is why in summer,
When it's most undeniably warm,
I dresses in felt and pelican pelt,
Which is suitable clo'es for storm.

And it's highly correct and proper
To start for the Pole like that;
But I nevermore goes in me openwork hose
And me dinky old Panama hat.



THE TAR AND THE
REPORTER





THE TAR AND THE REPORTER



“ O sailor coming from a cruise,
I represent the Daily News —

What tidings do you bring?”

“ Oh nothing that the likes of youse
Would think was anything.

“ Our ship was shattered in the squalls,
Our crew was et by cannibals,
Our passengers was drowned,
Our Capting sank with piteous calls
And nevermore was found.

“ Three months I lived upon a bun
And thus survived, the only one —
But otherwise we made
A commonplace, eventless run
From Tyre to Adelaide.”





THE RHYME OF THE
CHIVALROUS SHARK



THE RHYME OF THE CHIVALROUS SHARK



Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage,
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,
He'll gobble one any fine day,
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way.





I can readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water
And signaled in vain for her bark,
And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been
found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;
“Don’t be frightened,” he said, “I’ve been properly
bred
And will eat neither woman nor child.”



Then he proffered his fin and she took it —
Such a gallantry none can dispute —
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they
neared
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,
When a life-saving dingey was lowered
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

So they took her aboard in a jiffy,
And the shark stood attention the while,
Then he raised on his flipper and ate up the skipper
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,
To ladies forebearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

A GRAIN OF
SALT





A GRAIN OF SALT



Of all the wimming doubly blest
The sailor's wife's the happiest,
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth
The sailor has the finest berth;
For in 'is cabin he can sit
And sail and sail — and let 'er knit.





EBERLY'S FAIR
YOUNG BRIDE



EBERLY'S FAIR YOUNG BRIDE



Oh the Sauntering Sue fell into the squalls
A-blowing from Portsmouth town.

She was laden with pork and cannon balls,
So it's natteral she went down.

And the sea it riz with a terrible sizz
While the Sue on the rocks she scraped;
And of all the crew that her anchor drew
Not more than a thousand escaped.

And when the sailors had waded to shore
And their feet on the hearthstone dried,
They hated to think of Eberly Moore
And Eberly's fair young bride.



With the Sauntering Sue on the ocean floor
And them cannon balls rolling inside,
They hated to think of Eberly Moore,
And Eberly's fair young bride.

So they talked in whispers of euchre games,
Of ladies and Eskimo,
Of vulgar fractions and proper names,
And the works of Byron and Poe.

And some of 'em shuddered and looked at the door
With a sort of a nervous pride;
But they never referred to Eberly Moore
Or Eberly's fair young bride.

• • • • •

In a neat little Kansas grocery store,
Far leagues from the turbulent tide,
Sat the thoughtful grocer, Eberly Moore,
Along of his fair young bride.

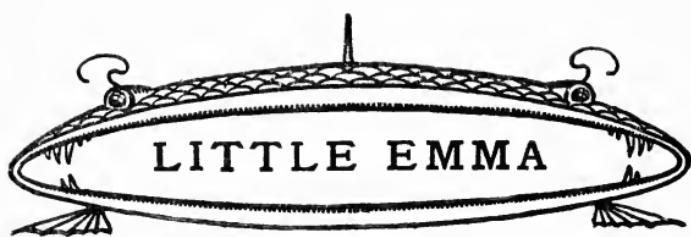




And Eberly says to his bride, says he,
“ It’s strange but undoubtedly so
That we’ve never yet gone on the bounding sea,
And we never intend to go.”

And far away on the wreck-strewn shore
Where the crew of the Sue reside,
They never refer to Eberly Moore
Or Eberly’s fair young bride.





LITTLE EMMA



LITTLE EMMA



Sailor, sitting by the sea,
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,
Why dost weep so mournfully
On a vacant sugar barrel?

“ Think me not,” the sailor said,
“ Merely hypochondriac, oh —
Hast thou, stranger, any shred,
Just a bite, of plug tobacco? ”

Though he took the plug and ate,
Undiminished his dilemma.
Scarce he could articulate,
“ She is gone, my Little Emma! ”





“ Little Emma,” cried I; “ Who
Was she? Kitten, dog — or maiden,
Left by you, as sailors do,
In some inconvenient Aiden?

“ Little Emma! dainty name,
Quite suggestive of a tale, sir ”—
Quoth the tar, “ It were the same.
Little Emma was a whale, sir.

“ Kindly sir, forgive my wail,
These unmanly tear-drops — blow it!—
If you’ve gone and lost a whale
Ain’t that loss enough to know it?

“ Emma was so light of touch,
Emma was so deft and smiling,
Emma was so true — so much —
So expansively beguiling!





“ If she’d only asked me I
Would have stroked her little chinny;
If she’d only let me try
I’d have held her finny-finny.

“ Should you look for Emma, you
Might discern her by her color,
By her cheeks, which wear the hue
Of an ironclad — only duller.

“ When my Emma nigh you goes
Mention me to her as many
Times as all her flips have toes.
(Don’t be scared — they haven’t any.)”

“ Sailor,” in amaze spake I
“ Since at sea so much you’ve seen, sir ”—
Quoth the sailor with a sigh,
“ Not at sea — I’ve never been, sir.”





“ But the Little Emma whale,
Since unceasing you regret her ”—
Quoth the sailor, turning pale,
“ Think of it — I never met her ! ”

So I left him to his grief,
Nigh the painted rocks of Darrel,
Wringing out his handkerchief
In the vacant sugar barrel.





THE FORBEARANCE
OF THE ADMIRAL



THE FORBEARANCE OF THE ADMIRAL

I ain't afeard o' the Admiral,
Though a common old tar I be,
And I've oftentimes spoke to the Admiral
Expressin' a bright idee;
For he's very nice at takin' advice
And a tractable man is he.

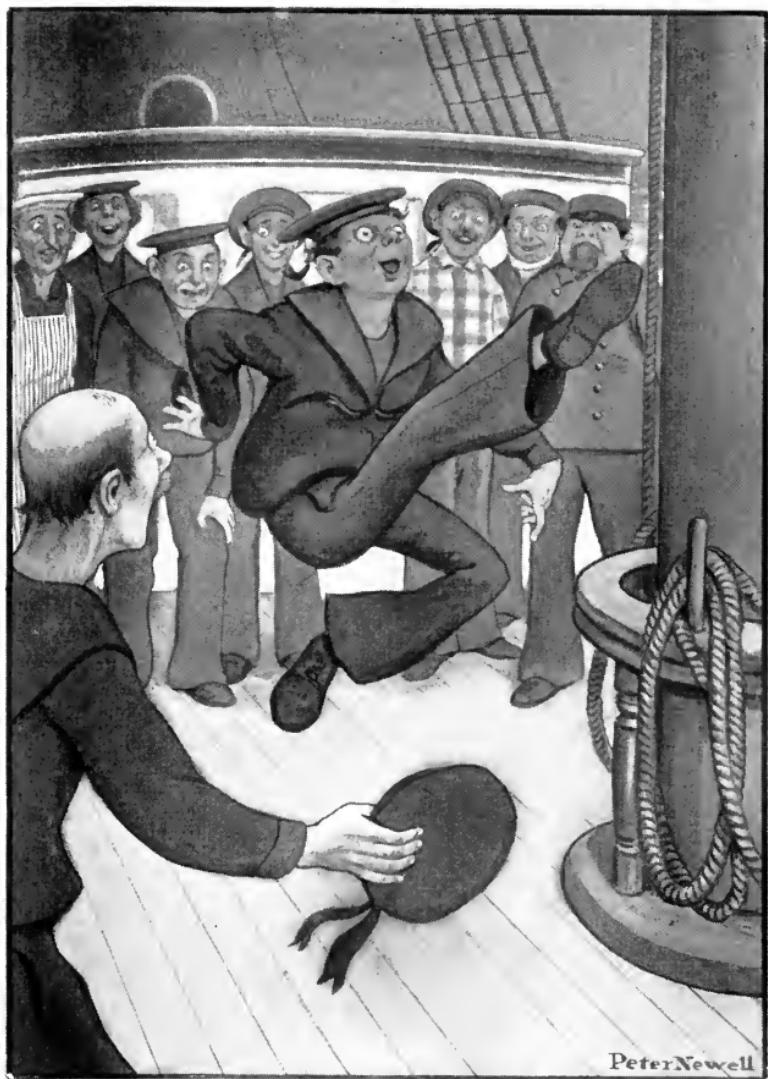
For once I says to the Admiral,
Unterrified, though polite,
"Don't think me critical, Admiral,
But yer vessel ain't sailin' right;
For our engine should be burnin' wood
And our rattlelines should be tight."

But when I spoke to the Admiral
He wasn't inclined to scold,
Though me words, addressed to the Admiral,
Was intimate-like and bold,
(But he was up on deck at the time
And I was down in the hold).

THE SAILOR'S
STOVEPIPE







Peter Newell

“‘The first step’s a slow step, but now here comes a daisy one,’ he hollered ; and what follererd showed the words he spoke was true.”

“‘The first step’s a slow step, but now here comes a daisy one,’ he hollered ; and what follererd showed the words he spoke was true.”

to will
about



THE SAILOR'S STOVEPIPE



The crew of us, a few of us, was up on deck a-dancin' of

Two steps and new steps with light fantastic toe,
When Closon, the bos'n, says, "What's the use of
prancin' of

Glide steps and side steps what anyone can go?

" Hornpipes and cornpipes and gaspipes is fun
enough,

Hoe-downs and shake-downs is easy dancin' too,
Minuets and mignonettes and barbettes I've done
enough,

But the reel old sailor's stovepipe is more difficult
to do."



Then bowing once and bowing twice the bos'n
shook his limber toes,

Then do-see-do and do-see-don't and count one
two,

Then fore and aft he shook our craft beneath his
tatting timber toes —

“It's the reel old sailor's stovepipe I'm a-going
for to do.”

He closed his eyes, he slapped his thighs, he turned
a double summer-sault,

He corn-hoed and pigeon-toed in every sort of
way,

He keel-hauled and reel-hauled — I never seen a
rummer salt —

And all the time a-whistlin' “The Road to Man-
delay.”





“ The first step’s a slow step, but now here comes a daisy one,”

He hollered: and what follered showed the words he spoke was true,

For he hopped past the mizzen mast and hoofed it like a crazy one

Till both his eyes was saucer size and both his cheeks was blue.

He jigged and jounced till up he bounced yards high above the gunnel-tops,

A-swingin’ like a circus tike from dory yards to stays,

Then jiggin’ through the riggin’ too he slid along the funnel tops

And doffed his hat and skun the cat in forty-seven ways.





“ O stop before ye drop before our eyes ! ” the sailors
cautioned him

And blew the danger whistle twice and rung the
engine bell.

“ No cause for dread , ” the Capting said, “ he’s doing
what’s been portioned him

And that’s the sailor’s stovepipe, which he’s dan-
cin’ very well.”

Then clingin’ high and swingin’ high, the bos’n, like
a catter-pult,

Free and fair shot through the air toward the
waters green,

Prancin’ still and dancin’ still he hit the ocean
splatter-pult,

Skipped and tripped and double flipped and van-
ished from the scene.





OF A LANDSMAN



“ Dish him out and fish him out,” the Capting said,
“ He’s done enough
Shake-downs and hoe-downs to satisfy the crew,
Hornpipes and cornpipes, he’s proved to us, is fun
enough,
But the reel old sailor’s stovepipe is more dangerous
ous to do.”





THE FATE OF THE
CABBAGE ROSE



THE FATE OF THE CABBAGE ROSE



They was twenty men on the Cabbage Rose
As she sailed from the Marmaduke Piers,
For I counted ten on me fingers and toes
And ten on me wrists and ears.

As gallant skippers as ever skipped,
Or sailors as ever sailed,
As valiant trippers as ever tripped,
Or tailors as ever tailed.

What has became of the Cabbage Rose
That steered for the oping sea,
And what has became of them and those
That went for a trip in she?





Oh, a maiden she stood on the brown wharf's end
A-watching the distant sail,
And she says with a sigh to her elderly friend,
"I'm trimming my hat with a veil."

A roundsman says to a little Jack tar,
"I oftentimes wonder if we —"
And the Jackey replied as he bit his cigar,
"Aye, aye, me hearty," says he.

And a beggar was setting on Marmaduke Piers
Collecting of nickels and dimes,
And a large stout party on Marmaduke Piers
Was a-reading the Morning Times.

Little they thought of the Cabbage Rose
And the whirl-i-cane gusts a-wait,
With the polly-wows to muzzle her bows
And bear her down to her fate.





OF A LANDSMAN



But the milliner's lad by the outer rim
He says to hisself, "No hope!"
And the little brown dog as belonged to him
Sat chewing a yard o' rope.

And a pale old fisherman beat his breast
As he gazed far out on the blue,
For the nor'east wind it was blowing west—
Which it hadn't no right to do.

But what has became of the Cabbage Rose
And her captaining, Ezra Flower?
Dumd if I cares and dumd if I knows—
She's only been gone an hour.





SENSITIVE
SYDNEY

SENSITIVE SYDNEY



'Twas all along the Binder Line
A-sailin' of the sea
That I fell out with Sydney Bryne
And Sid fell out with me.

He spoke o' me as "pie-faced squid"
In a laughin' sort o' way,
And I, in turn, had spoke o' Sid
As a "bow-legg'd bunch o' hay."

He'd mentioned my dishonest phiz
And called me "blattin' calf"—
We both enjoyed this joke o' his
And had a hearty laugh.

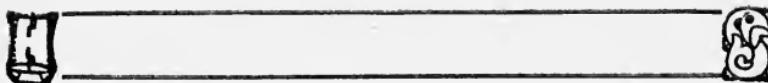


But when I up and says to him,
"Yer necktie ain't on straight,"
"I didn't think ye'd say that, Jim,"
He hissed with looks o' hate.

And then he lit a fresh segar
And turned away and swore —
So I knowed I'd brung the joke too far
And we wasn't friends no more.







THE GHOST OF SIMEON BEAN



I was all alone on the tarboard watch
A-busying of meself
A-driving nails and dusting the sails
And laying 'em up on a shelf.

I was that engaged in me ardyous work
It was minutes before I seen,
A-lighting a match on the rooster hatch,
The ghost of Simeon Bean.

When I seen who it was I says to meself,
“ Oh scuttle me shoes, what a bore!”
For I knowed by his walk he was going to talk
As he done in his life before.



So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,
"Ye're as welcome as you can be,
But I'm busy to-night a-putting things right,
And I can't converse with ye."

"I can tell ye a tale," says Simeon Bean,
"As would slither your marrer cold."
"Ye can," says I, concealing a sigh,
For I'd heard all his yarns of old.

"I've went and seen," says Simeon Bean,
In a solemn, mysterious way,
So I answers polite as a shipmate might,
"Why Simeon, you don't say!"

"I have been and went," says Simeon Bean,
With the wheeze that I knowed so well.
And I says as I tries a look of surprise,
"You reely don't mean to tell!"





OF A LANDSMAN



“If you’d saw what I done,” says Simeon Bean,
Which same he had said before,—
But I gave not a darn for his musty old yarn,
And I wouldn’t endure no more.

So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,
“Git back to your watery bier!

For I know dumd well that the tales you tell
Is the wust that I ever did hear.

“And it’s right that the dead ‘uns should tell no
tales,
And the rule it applies to you.
You’d talk all night if I stayed polite,
But that I refuses to do.”

Then Simeon, throwing a ghostly stare
That gimbled me heart clean through,
Says, “Where is the dime that ye borrowed one
time
And the knife that I lent to you?”





I was founded dumb and paralyzed numb
By the terrible words he said,
Till I seen him glide right over the side
Down into the oyster bed.

And I says to the Mate, "That Simeon Bean
Was the longedest windedest fool
That ever croke an alamanac joke
Or talked the leg off a stool.

"And if ever I sees the sperrit of Bean
A-walking around the mast,
I'll let him walk, but I'll smother his talk."
"Aye, aye," says the Mate, "avast!"







THE CONSTANT CANNIBAL MAIDEN



Far oh far is the Mango island,
Far oh far is the tropical sea —
Palms aslant and the hills a-smile, and
A Cannibal maiden a-waitin' for me.

I've been deceived by a damsel Spanish
And Indian maidens 'both red and brown,
A black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Danish
And a Puritan lassie of Salem town.

For the Puritan Prue she sets in the offing
A-castin' 'er eyes at a tall Marine,
And the Spanish minx is the wust at scoffing
Of all of the wimming I ever seen.





But the cannibal maid is a simple creetur
With a habit of gazin' over the sea,
A-hopin' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er
And constant and faithful a-yearnin' for me.

Me Turkish sweetheart she played me double—
Eloped with the Sultan Harum In-Deed,
And the Danish damsel she made me trouble
When she ups and married an oblong Swede.

But there's truth in the heart of the maid of Mango,
Though her cheeks is black like the kiln-baked
cork,
As she sets in the shade of the whingo-whango
A-waitin' for me— with a knife and fork.





THE DEEP
SEA GUDGE



"When down in the slime, without ary word o' warnin',
The Gudge I seen in the seaweed green a-winkin'
his indolent eye."





THE DEEP SEA GUDGE



The deep sea Gudge what lives on the sandy bot-
tom,

(Is the fish o' the sea afeard o' we or us'ns afeard
o' they?)

Feelers and gills and hookers and claws he's got
'em

Trailin' behind and j'nted and j'ined in an orful,
onnatteral way.

You fish for herring with sinkers and hooks and
yankers,

You fish for trout with a silk line stout and a
little moskeeter fly,





But the deep sea Gudge he nibbles at chains and anchors
And gobbles at rafts and lumber crafts and battleships hurryin' by.

We lay one noon in the lea o' the dry Melessas,
And we pulled right main at our anchor chain,
but found she refused to budge,
Then we shuddered and winked and whispered together, "Bless us!"
Our anchor's cast and she's held tight fast in the teeth o' the deep sea Gudge!"

It was me that dove in the slith o' the sea next mornin'
To see if the Gudge was willin' to budge for a sailor that's slick and sly,
When down in the slime, without ary word o' warnin',
The Gudge I seen in the seaweed green a-wunkin' his indolent eye.



And the anchor he held like a quid in his teeth and
chawed it —

I couldn't but look, though I shuddered and
shook at the terrible sight I see —

For the barb was caught in the roof of his mouth
and clawed it

While the Gudge cried, "Help!" with a dolorous
yelp that frizzled the blood o' me.

"O Gudge," says I, "It's the anchor of ourn you're
eatin' —"

"Gwan away if ye've nothin' to say," says the
Gudge in a glummerin' grouch,

"For I've swallered the prong and me pain is be-
yond repeatin',"

Then he fibbered and flobbed and hollered and
sobbed with a piscatorial "Ouch!"



“ Full orften I've swallered a Chinee junk and a dory,
And I've made a snack of a fishin' smack, that bein' a tender treat,
But me jaws grow weak as me head grows old and hoary
And I never can rest when I can't digest the copper and steel I eat.

“ O wurra-wur-oo! I'm tellin' to you me troubles
That you may judge of the pain o' the Gudge
whose stummick is full o' ships,”
Then he blubbered again till the sea was a-brim
with bubbles
And twisted his face to a glum grimace and wrinkled his writhy lips.





“Don’t take on so,” I says, “and I’ll try to ease you.”

So I signaled above till a line was hove with a crowbar tied thereto,

Then I says to the Gudge, “Here’s a trick o’ me own to please you.

Now look straight south and open yer mouth and I’ll see what a man can do.”

Then I druv the bar in the crease of his shining tushes

And twisted and tugged and jiggered and lugged with a mighty, tremenjus pry,

But the Gudge winced not at me wrenches and pulls and pushes,

Till there riz a tear like a gallon o’ beer to his indolent, rollin’ eye.





“Oh, stop!” says he, “it’s the sensitive Gudge
you’re killin’—

It’s kind you are, but drop the bar, for yer
efforts they ain’t no use.”

But I yanked once more with a yank that was more
than willin’.

And I tugged again with me might and main till
the anchor and chain came loose.

Then he gawped at me with a look o’ surprise and
puzzle,

(Is the fish o’ the sea afeard o’ we or us’ns afeard
o’ they?)

And seein’ the anchor hangin’ close to his muzzle
He gave a gulp and swallered it up in a solemn
and obstinate way.





“Oh murder!” he cried as again it stuck in his
gullet,

“O pull it free, it’s a-hurtin’ of me — O slither
me deaf and dumb!”

“You’ve druvn the cork,” says I, “and you’ll have
to pull it —

And I’ll take no fudge from a deep sea Gudge,”
so back to the ship I swum.

And the deep sea Gudge what lives on the floor o'
the ocean

He chaws in vain at our anchor chain which
neither will break nor budge,

And our bark rides high with never a move nor
motion

While we cusses the day we was fastened to stay
by the whim o' the deep sea Gudge.





REMINISCENCE



REMINISCENCE



When many years we'd been apart
I met Sad Jim ashore
And set to talkin' heart to heart
About the days of yore.

“ Do you recall them happy days? ”
“ I don't,” says Jim, “ do you? ”
I speaks up hearty and I says,
“ Be jiggered if I do! ”

“ Then why are you recallin' of
The joyful days gone by,
The songs and girls we ust to love? ”
“ What songs and girls? ” says I.





NAUTICAL LAYS



“I guess I have fergot,” says Jim
And started N N E.
It seems I had the best o’ him
And him the best o’ me.





THE DUTIFUL
MARINER



THE DUTIFUL MARINER



'Twas off the Eastern Filigrees—
Wizzle the pipes o'ertop!—
When the gallant Captain of the Cheese
Began to skip and hop.

“ Oh stately man and old beside,
Why dost gymnastics do?
Is such example dignified
To set before your crew? ”

“ Oh hang me crew,” the Captain cried,
“ And scuttle of me ship.
If I’m the skipper, blarst me hide!
Ain’t I supposed to skip?





“ I’m growing old,” the Captain said;

“ Me dancing days are done;

But while I’m skipper of this ship

I’ll skip with any one.

“ I’m growing grey,” I heard him say,

“ And I cannot rest or sleep

While under me the troubled sea

Lies forty spasms deep.

“ Lies forty spasms deep,” he said;

“ But still me trusty sloop

Each hour, I wot, goes many a knot

And many a bow and loop.

“ The hours are full of knots,” he said,

“ Untie them if ye can.

In vain I’ve tried, for Time and Tied

Wait not for any man.





“ Me fate is hard,” the old man sobbed,
“ And I am sick and sore.
Me aged limbs of rest are robbed
And skipping is a bore.

“ But Duty is the seaman’s boast,
And on this gallant ship
You’ll find the skipper at his post
As long as he can skip.”

And so the Captain of the *Cheese*
Skipped on again as one
Who lofty satisfaction sees
In duty bravely done.



THE BATTLE OF
CLOTHESLINE BAY





Peter Newell

“‘What is the scent from yon vessel blown?’”



THE BATTLE OF CLOTHESLINE BAY



The neatest officer on the coast —
Hang your sails to the whiffletree slat! —
Was the famous Admiral Buttertoast
Who sailed the historical Derby Hat.
Flutter the ensign, whittle the screw
For the neat old Admiral and his crew!

His sailormen were the tidiest tars
That sought renown 'neath the billowing flags
As they stood in place on the decks and spars
With carpet sweepers and dusting rags.
And Monday mornings the sails they'd reef
And iron 'em out like a handkerchief.





“ Men,” said the Admiral, “ I abhor
To litter my boat with the shot and shell,
And it’s very untidy to go to war
And scent my sails with the powder smell;
So load the cannon with scouring soap
And sachet powder of heliotrope.”

About this period on the main
Sailed the slatternly pirate, Grimy Dan,
Whose slipshod methods were terribly plain
In the state of his vessel, the Frying Pan,
Where the decks were littered with bottles and
crumbs
And the masts were smeared by his gory thumbs.

So the grim marauders of Grimy Dan
Sailed the greasy Frying Pan into the bay
Where the Derby Hat all spick and span
A-drying her clothes in the offing lay.
“ Ho!” cried the Pirate, and likewise, “ Hum!
Edam Schnapps and Jamaica Rum!—



“ By me bloody yards and me slippery plank,
What is the scent from yon vessel blown?”
“ That,” quoth the bos’n, Terrible Hank,
“ Is washing powder and eau de Cologne.”
“ Heave-ho, mateys,” said Dan, “ and away!
I risk no battles on washing day.”

“ Friends,” said the Admiral, “ I confess
I’m glad to be rid of the rude galoots.
They might have caused a terrible mess
By tracking our decks with their muddy boots.
Dear me suds! what a shock it would be
To a shipshape, housekeeping man like me!”

So the Frying Pan with her tattered crew
Like a dingy spectre slunk from the scene
And the Admiral neat, when the foe withdrew,
Sent a wireless telegram to his Queen,
“ I beg to report, if your Majesty please,
I have lathered the Pirates and scoured the seas.”





THE BOAT THAT AIN'T



A stout, fat boat for gailin'
And a long, slim boat for squall;
But there isn't no fun in sailin'
When you haven't no boat at all.

For what is the use o' calkin'
A tub with a mustard pot—
And what is the use o' talkin'
Of a boat that you haven't got?







CAPTAIN PINK OF
THE PEPPERMINT



CAPTAIN PINK OF THE PEPPERMINT



Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint,
Though kindly at heart and good,
Had a blunt, bluff way of a-gittin' 'is say
That we all of us understood.

When he brained a man with a pingle spike
Or plastered a seaman flat,
We should 'a' been blowed, but we all of us knowed
That he didn't mean nothin' by that.

For Capting Pink was a bashful man
And leary of talk as death,
So he easily saw that a crack in the jaw
Was better than wastin' 'is breath.





Sometimes he'd stroll from the ostrich hatch
Jest a-feelin' a trifle rum,
Then he'd hang us tars to the masts and spars
By a heel or an ear or a thumb.

When he done like that, as he oft times did,
We winked at each other and smole,
And we snickered in glee and says, says we,
"Ain't that like the dear old soul!"

I was wonderful fond of old Capting Pink,
And Pink he was fond o' me,
(As he frequently said when he battered me head
Or sousled me into the sea).

When he sewed the carpenter up in a sack,
And fired the cook from a gun,
We'd a-thunk that 'is rule was a little mite crool,
If we hadn't knowed Pink as we done.



Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint,
We all of us loved 'im so
That we waited one night till the tide was right
And the funnels was set for a blow.

Then we hauled 'im out of 'is feather bed
And hammered the dear old bloke;
And he understood, (as we knowed he would)
That we done what we did as a joke.

Then we roguishly tumbled 'im over the side,
And quickly reversin' the screws,
We hurried away to Mehitabel Bay
For a jolly piratical cruise.

Old Capting Pink of the Peppermint—
I'm shocked and I'm pained to say
That there's few you'll find of the Capting's kind
In this here degenerate day.

JOHN C.
CALIFORNIA



VAIN
HOPE!

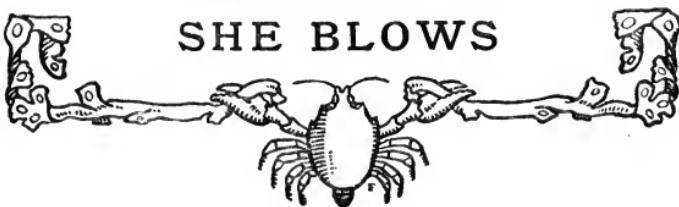
VAIN HOPE!

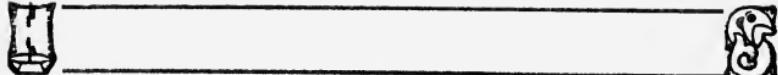


With all me travels on the seas,
With all me pain and joy,
 I never met
 An infant yet
Who knowed me as a boy.

They never speak o' years gone by
When I was young and free.
 This may be right,
 But it is quite
Discouragin' to me.

WHAT HO!
SHE BLOWS





WHAT HO! SHE BLOWS



Yes, I am the bloke what shovelled the coke
On the whaler, Lally-ma-Loo;
And the gallant soul what scuttled the coal
Is the same that's talking to you.

We stud in the bight that starry night
A-tacking agin the gale
When the Capting shouts, "She spins, she spouts!
Yo-ho and avast, the whale!"

(Of course you know that the yell, "Yo-ho!"
Should mean, "Slack stidder and cast!"
And you understand the simple command
When the Capting hollers, "Avast!")



So we on with our coats and we manned the boats
For the point where the whale she blew,
And we carried aboard a bundle 'o cord,
A pearl handled knife and a screw.

“O Capting Nye,” I says, says I,
“Now what are we going to do,
In such a gale to murder a whale
With a pearl handled knife and a screw?”

But the Capting’s gaze was over the haze
And never a word spoke he,
And never a speech and never a screech,
And never a word to me.

Till he says and he said as he p’nted ahead,
Right straight at the monster’s fin,
“His actions denote that his heart’s in his throat,
So jab him under the chin!”





So he held the screw — I'm a-tellin' you true —
And he handed the knife to me;
And gripping the sheath in me wisdom teeth
I plumped straight into the sea.

Yes, out I clumb and over I swum
Right under the monster's fin,
Where I opens me knife, and regardless of life,
I jabs him under the chin.

Then the whale piped high a leviathan cry
And he guggled in huge despair;
Then he splattered our sail and stud on his tail
And turned nine flips in the air.

“ My eye, my eye ! ” says Capting Nye,
“ I didn't expect that there,
That a full sized whale would stand on his tail
And turn nine flips in the air.”





And he says, says he, "It appears to me,
That the animal must be vexed.
We'd better be going — there isn't no knowing
What he will be doing next."

So we switched our tack and we hurried back
To the jolly old Lally-ma-Loo,
Me holding the cord which we had aboard
And the Capting holding the screw.

And he says to me, "If a way there be
To murder a whale in a storm
It's to bandage his eyes and smother his cries
With a bottle o' chloroform."





INDUSTRIOUS
CARPENTER DAN



INDUSTRIOUS CARPENTER DAN



An honest man what loves his trade
Deserves me honest grip;
And Carpenter Dan was a handy man
To have about a ship.

The things he couldn't hammer up
Them things he hammered down;
He sawed the rails and spliced the sails
And done his bizness brown.

He scroll-sawed all the masts and spars
And varnished 'em with ile,
Then he shingled the poop of our gallant sloop
With a gable, Queen Anne style.





Along the basement porthole sills
He worked for hours and hours
A-building tiers of jardineers
And planting 'em with flowers.

He filled the deck with rustic seats
And many a grapevine swing —
Yes, a handy man was Carpenter Dan,
For he thought of everything.

Then pretty soon he got a scheme
To ease the Capting's cares,
So he fitted the sloop with a fine front stoop,
With rugs and Morris chairs.

And there we sat a-drinking tea,
The Capting and his crew,
When we heard arise, to our great surprise,
A nawful hulleroo.





O F A L A N D S M A N

The Capting looked across the rail
And sort of chawed his lip —
For Carpenter Dan was building an
Extension to the ship!

“Avast there, Dan!” the Capting cried,
“What have you gone to do?”
“Don’t bother me, man,” said Carpenter Dan,
“I’m fixing things for you.”

Then he toe-nailed on a rafter beam
And sawed a two-by-four;
Then he gave a yank to a six-inch plank
And started on the floor.

So Dan he worked three solid weeks
Till on a happy day,
A double craft with a Queen Anne aft
We sailed into the bay.



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Till on a happy day,
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And from that bonny lean-to boat
We vowed no more to roam;
From window panes to weather vanes
We loved our floating home.

And as we sat among the vines
On many an ocean trip
We vowed that Dan was a handy man
To have about the ship.



THE BALLAD OF
HAGENSACK







THE BALLAD OF HAGENSACK



I'd been away a year, a year
A-sailing of the main
When I came back to Hagensack
To see the town again.

“I oughter weep,” says I, says I—
“I wonder why I don’t?
I know I shan’t—perhaps I can’t,
Perhaps again I won’t.

“But where is all the friends, the friends
What once was blithe and free?
I look to find that they have pined
Away with thoughts o’ me.”





And so I sought the house, the house
Where lived me old friend, Bill.
"Tis sad," I said, "to think he's dead—
To think that grief can kill!"

"Is big Bill Smith to home, to home,
Is Smith to home?" says I.
"Oh yes, he's here a-drinkin' beer
And larkin' to the sky."

"A-larkin' to the sky!" says I,
"And him, the faithless bloke,
Was that bereft the day I left
I thought that he would croke."

Then I thought of Mamie Jones,-mie Jones,
What was me finansay;
It seemed that she, in decency,
Would have to pine away.





OF A LANDSMAN

“ Is Mamie Jones to home, to home,
Her that was deep enthralled?”
“ Oh, no, she’s out with Mister Prout —
I’ll tell her that you called.”

“ Oh that you needn’t do,— dn’t do,
You needn’t do that same.
Why ain’t she cold beneath the mold? —
O careless, careless Mame!

“ One time I read about, about
A tar named Tim McGee
And people sighed and up and died
The day he put to sea;

“ But not in Hagensack,-ensack
Was such a story writ,
For I believe the more I leave
The healthier they git.”



Then straight I went and put, and put
A turnip on a stick
And with a tack wrote, "HAGENSACK,
THE FICKLEST OF THE FICK."

And then I took the turnip up
And fed it to a cow.
"I'll ne'er go back to Hagensack,"
I says, and kept me vow.





ANDY CARUSO





ANDY CARUSO



Did ye ever meet Andy Caruso
The mate o' the Nannygoat G.?
If ye hain't ye should certainly do so,
Fer a wonderful person is he.

When his ship is far out in the ocean
He swims in the wake o' the bark
And whistles with glee and emotion
And swears he'll be et by a shark.

He speaks forty langwidges, partly,
Which ye can't understand if ye try.
If ye tell 'im the same he'll say smartly,
"Quite natteral—neither can I!"



He shoots off a gun and looks cheerful —
Whenever he makes a mistake,
And he talks in 'is sleep somethin' fearful
Three fourths o' the time he's awake.

He has the pee-cooliar-est trousseau
Which he wears on the Nannygoat G.;
Yes, ye ought to meet Andy Caruso,
Fer a wonderful person is he.





AUNT NERISSA'S
MUFFIN



AUNT NERISSA'S MUFFIN



It was touching when I started
For to run away to sea.
All the town was broken hearted,
As I knowed that they would be.

And me Aunt Nerissa Duffin,
Standing weeping on the spot,
Handed me a graham muffin
And she says, "Take care, its hot!"

"Though you've been a bit unruly
We are awful fond of ye.
I remain yours very truly,
Ever thine, Nerissa D."





Then she had a bad hy-sterick
And she fell down in a faint
Till they raised her with a derrick—
Light and airy?—Aunty ain't.

So I left Nerissa Duffin
Waving of her handkerchee
And I took her graham muffin
As I sadly put to sea.

Says the mate, “Why don't ye eat it?”
But me youthful head I shook;
For I knowed — nor dare repeat it—
Aunt Nerissa couldn't cook.

Then we sailed to De Janeiro
Where we spent a week in Wales,
And enjoyed ourselves in Cairo
Tossing oysters to the whales.





Next we visited Virginia
Loading almanacks as freight,
Then we tarried in Sardinia
Where we caught sardines for bait.

But when it was late September
Something frightened of us all;
What it was I don't remember,
Why it was I don't recall.

But I says to Capting Casmar,
"Be we on the land or sea?"
But the Capting had the asthma
And he wouldn't speak to me.

Then the pilot on the trestle
He began to rip and snort
And he hollered, "Back the vessel!"
Till the ship arrived in port.





NAUTICAL LAYS



And there stood Nerissa Duffin
Waiting for me on the spot
And she says, "Where is me muffin?
Wretched boy, have you fergot?"

"Do you think I could ferget it?"
Answers I in grief and pain,
"Saved!" she cried, "I thought you'd et it"—
And she swooned away again.





MEDITATIONS OF
A MARINER





MEDITATIONS OF A MARINER



A-watchin' how the sea behaves
For hours and hours I sit;
And I know the sea is full o' waves —
I've often noticed it.

For on the deck each starry night
The wild waves and the tame
I counts and knows 'em all by sight
And some of 'em by name.

And then I thinks a cove like me
Ain't got no right to roam;
For I'm homesick when I puts to sea
And seasick when I'm home.



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